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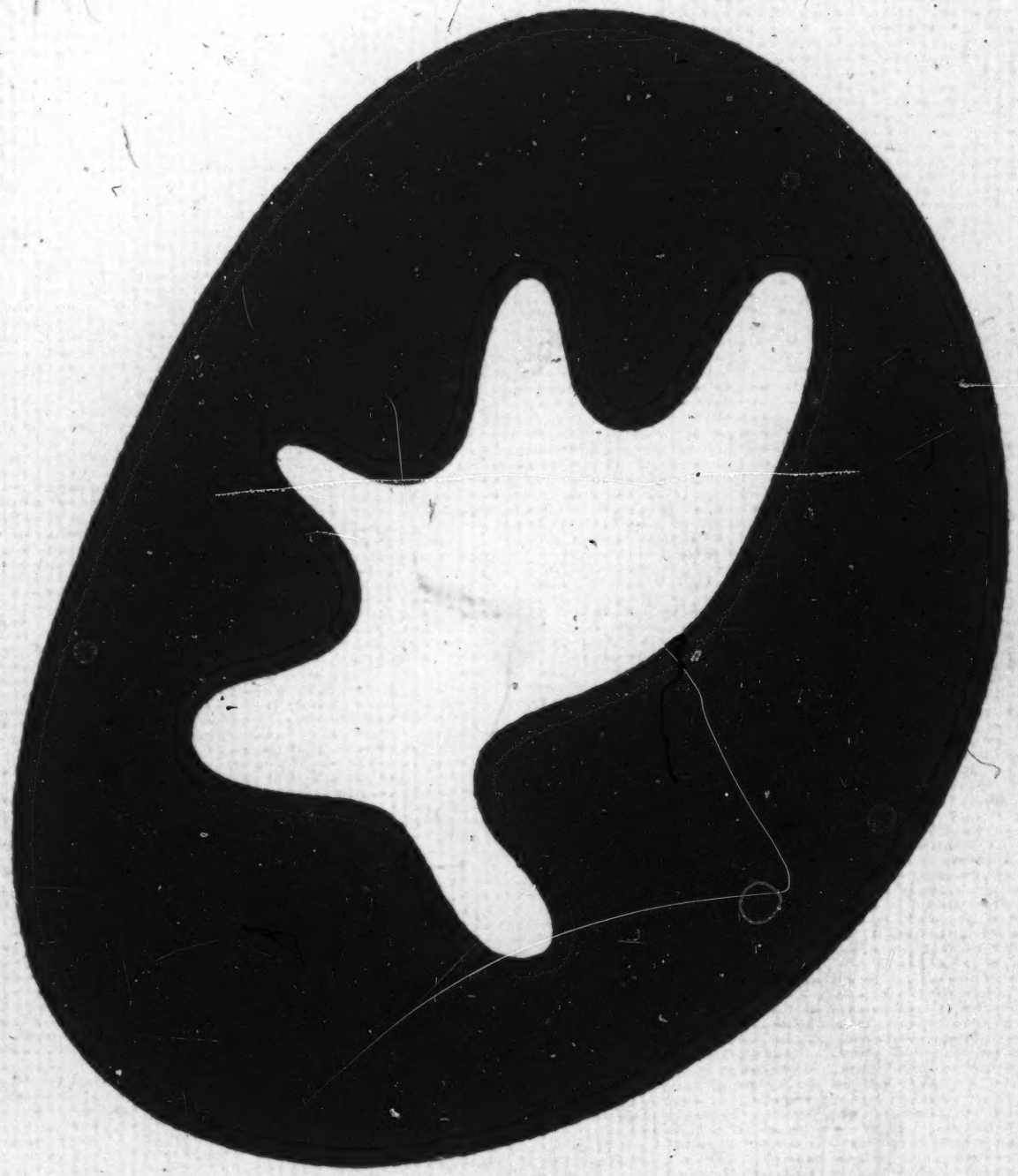

# ARP

# JEAN ARP

JANUARY 18 – FEBRUARY 12, 1949

BUCHHOLZ GALLERY

CURT VALENTIN

32 EAST 57TH STREET · NEW YORK

JEAN [Hans] ARP, Born at Strassburg, September 16, 1887. 1904, Paris. 1909, Weggis (Switzerland). 1915, Zuerich. 1926, Meudon Val-Flaury (near Paris) where he lives now.

Grateful ACKNOWLEDGMENT is made to the lenders Mrs. Meric Callery, New York; Mr. Edgar Kaufman, Jr., New York; Mrs. Samuel M. Kootz, New York; Museum of Art, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Miss Lois Orswell, Narragansett; Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III, New York and to Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc. for giving the permission to reprint excerpts from Arp, On My Way, poetry and essays, 1912-1947. Also to Mr. Jean Cathelin for writing the essay, parts of which are translated from the French and reprinted.

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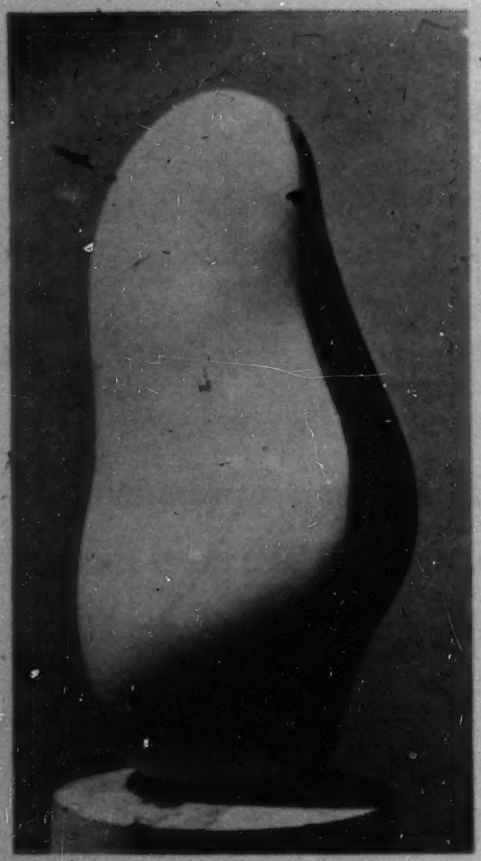
# ON SINCERITY:
# THE WORK OF JEAN ARP

Noiselessly, and with the loving discretion of those sunlit insects that flutter through his poems, Jean Arp has for some twenty years been carving pure forms and, in them, man recognizes himself—stripped of all disguise, contemptuous of all false poses and false taste. For years, this work has been producing the enchantment of a living legend.

Because Arp is always a poet, in him and through him the abstract and surrealism have reached their goal of an harmonious synthesis, where everything to be called school or theory, die—to make way for human expression. In his work in wood-reliefs and sculpture in the full round, as well as in his poems with their vibrant humor one sees the revelation of a surety, an intellectual serenity, which could belong only to a great lover. And that is why this work utters the warm, sanguine note which accords so little with the present century and its cruelty and its might. The man of such a time stands dumbstruck at the sound of this deep accent, which he had thought to be lost forever.

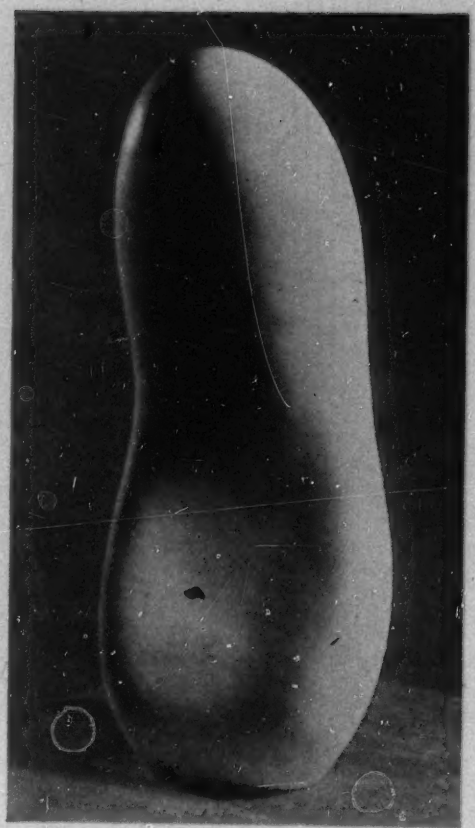


[19]

All of which means that a work like this is not to be coldly dissected with the sticky scalpels of criticism: one has one's heart. The form that is so simple to the touch of the hand or of the eye slips through the claws of precise words. Every one of Arp's works is concrete, which is to say that this mass of blue plaster, still hardly dried out, has instantly become an object absolute and essential. Sometimes, indeed, when seeing one of these works, we feel it is more than concrete. Quite simply, it *is*, which means that we are in the presence of an object sufficient unto itself.

But do not trust to appearances. Those very novel objects, which reject any tortured complex of the form, have been terrifically elaborated. Sincerity is not silly naivete, as certain falsifiers of painting, have recently tried to make us believe. Arp does not

deceive himself in that way, nor does he deceive us. One can see how conscientiously he has studied the transformations that occur in a single drawing, or in a single piece of cut-out paper. Sincerity becomes honesty and, after centuries, we come again, in the work, on that *application* which was the secret of the strength we feel in the great Flemings.



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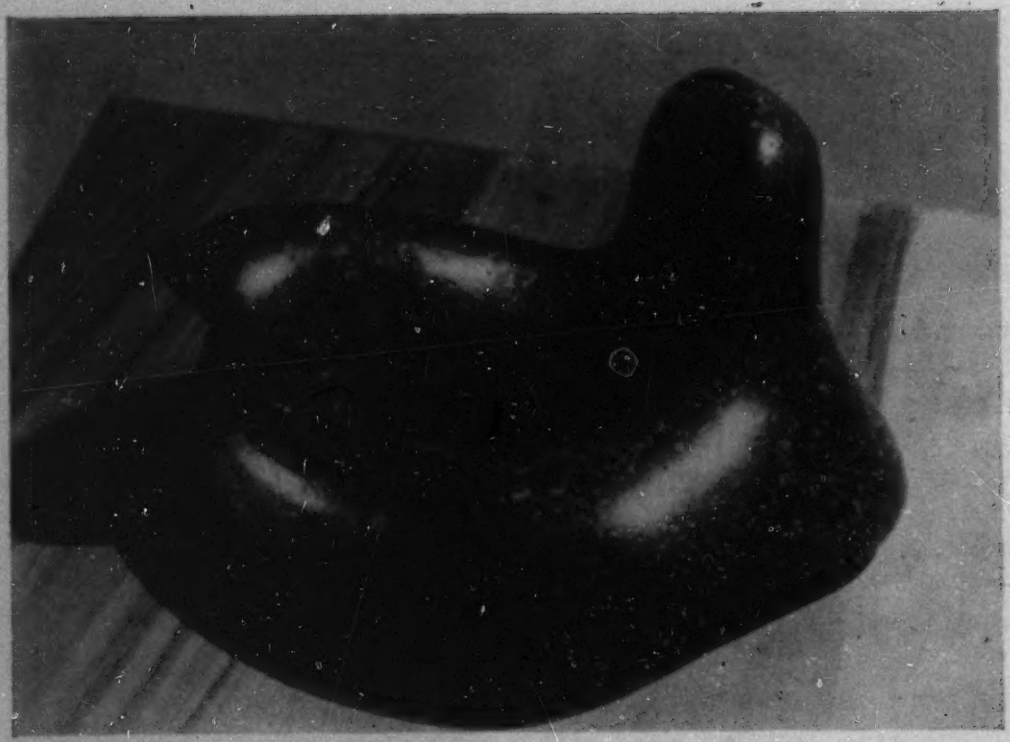
A healthy art like this one is bound to triumph against all the fanatics who would drown us in troubles and complexities, because it is precise and because it has the power of initiating; a power possessed only by poetry, which alone stands guard over the secret visages struggling in the depths of the stones. Such an art is the unique revealer of the joy-visages of man, whose breast, as we too often forget, is the final goal for which art is made.

JEAN CATHELIN

*(Translated from the French)*



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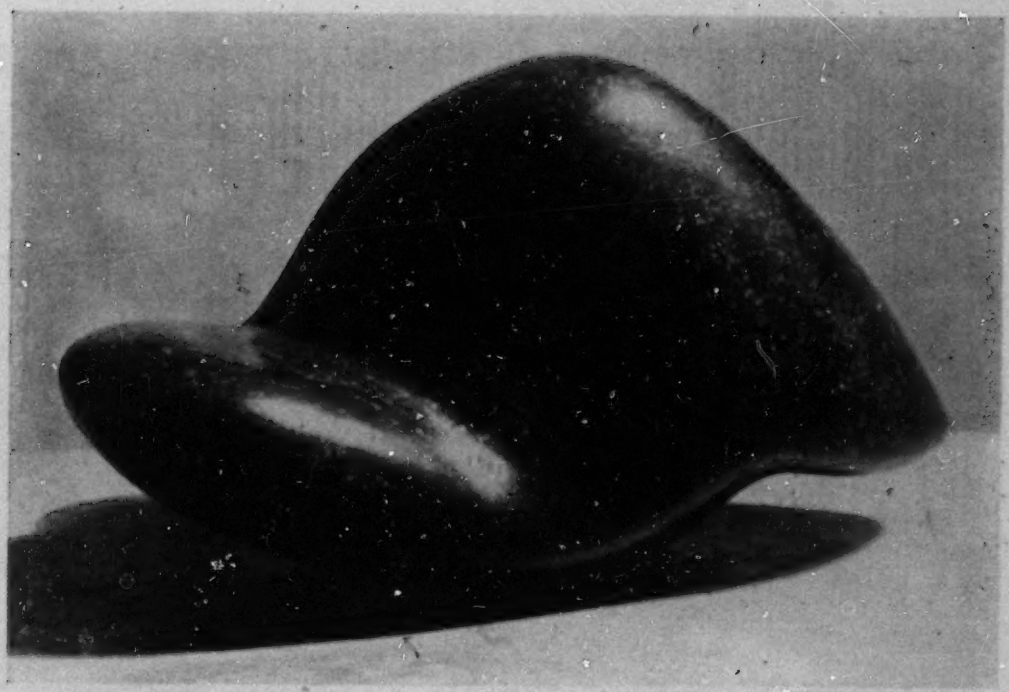
Our works are structures of lines, surfaces, forms, colors. They attempt to approach reality. They hate artifice, vanity, imitation, tight-rope walking. To be sure, there are tight-rope walkers of varying talent. But art should lead to the spiritual, the real. This reality is neither objective reality, nor the subjective reality of thought, that is, ideality, but a mystical reality, toward which we stand in the relation of the eye in the following Neoplatonic image: "It removes itself from light in order to see the darkness,

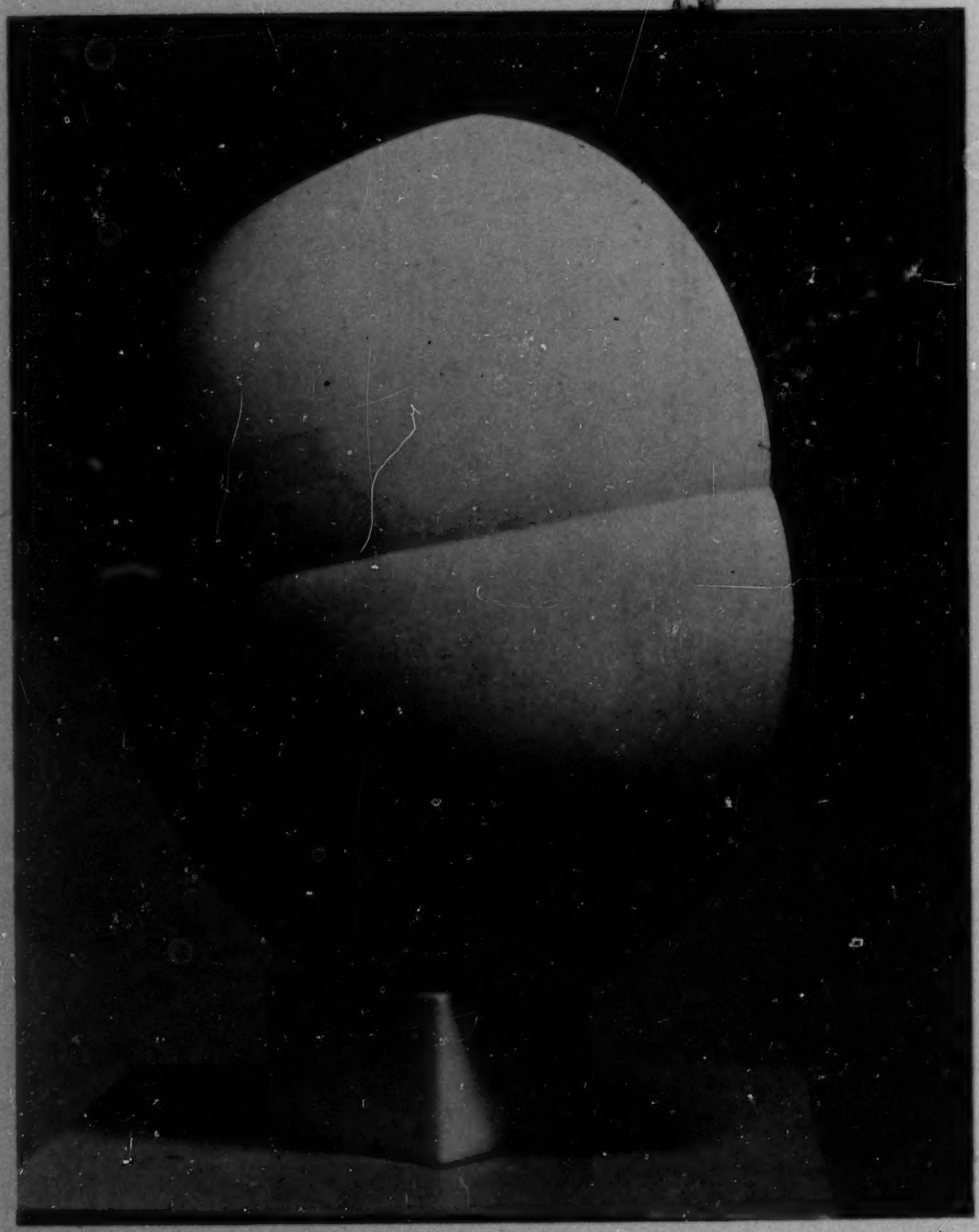


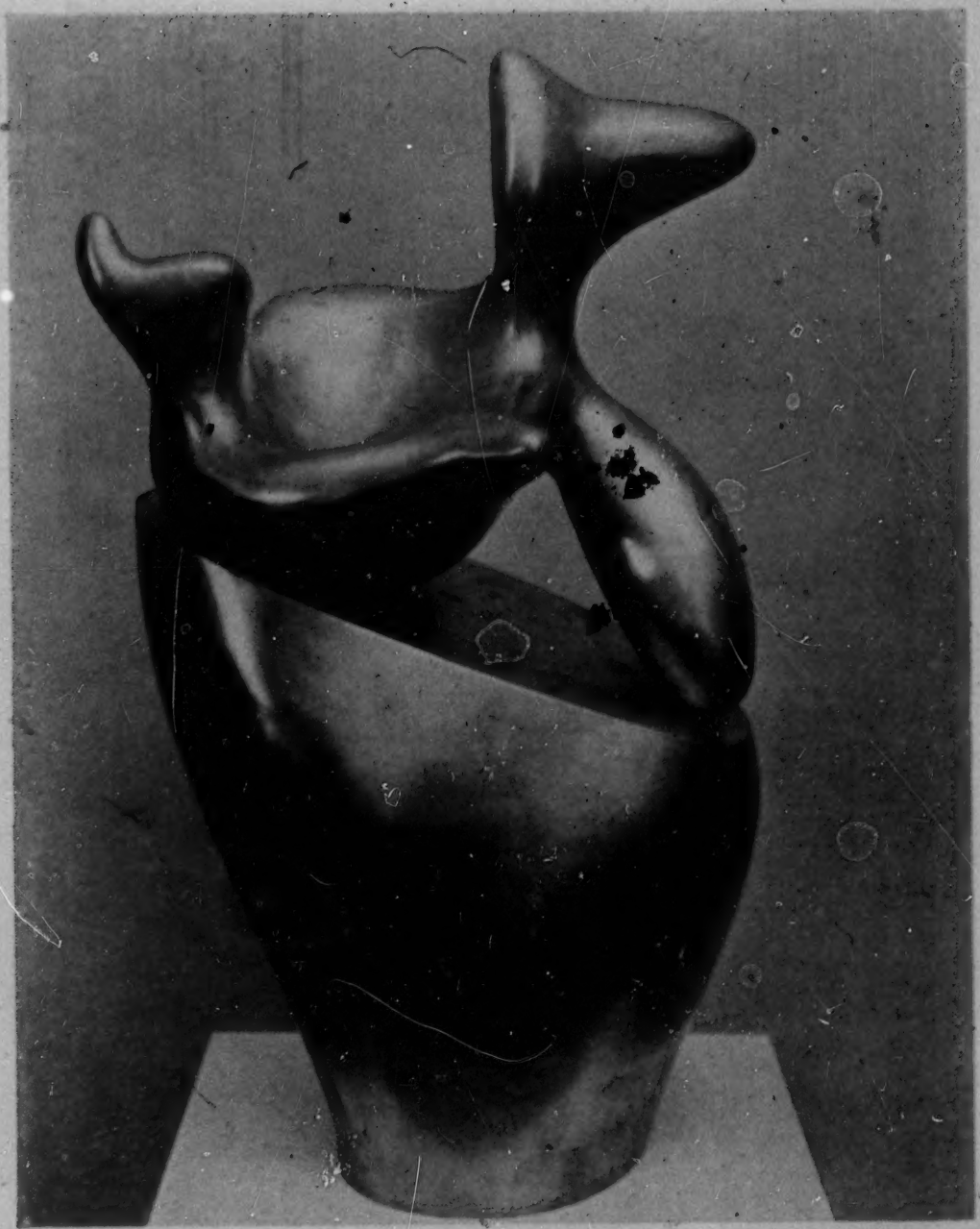


*but it does not see; for it cannot see the darkness when there is light, but without light it does not see; by not seeing, it sees the darkness in the way that is natural to it."*

*I remember a discussion with Mondrian in which he distinguished between art and nature, saying that art is artificial and nature natural. I do not share his opinion. I believe that nature is not in opposition to art. Art is of natural origin and is sublimated and spiritualized through the sublimation of man.*

JEAN ARP





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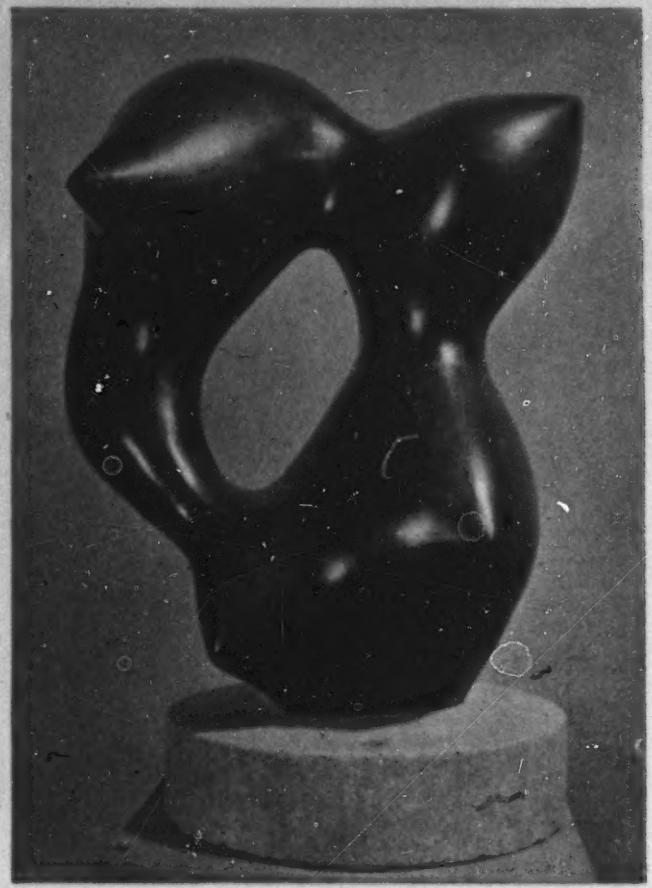

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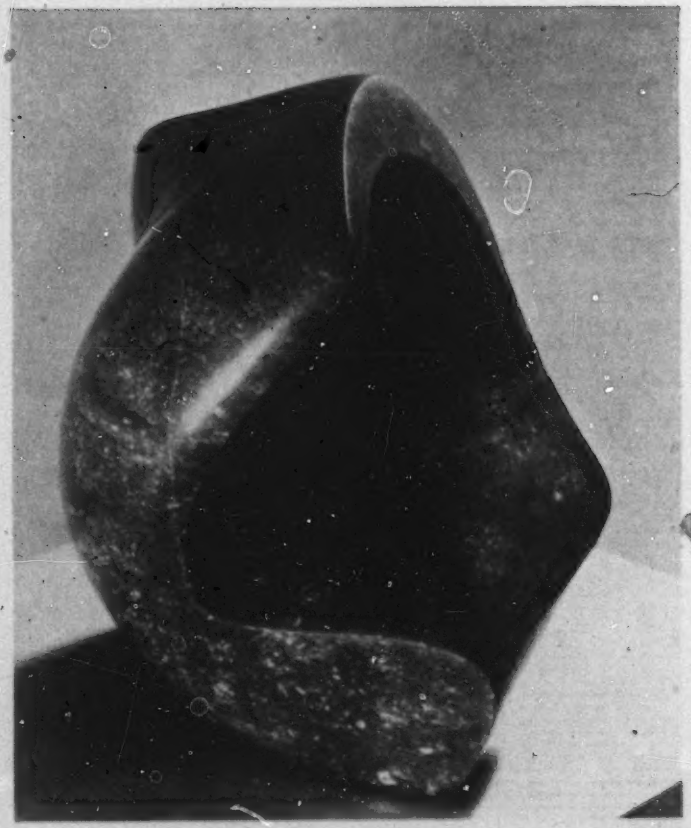

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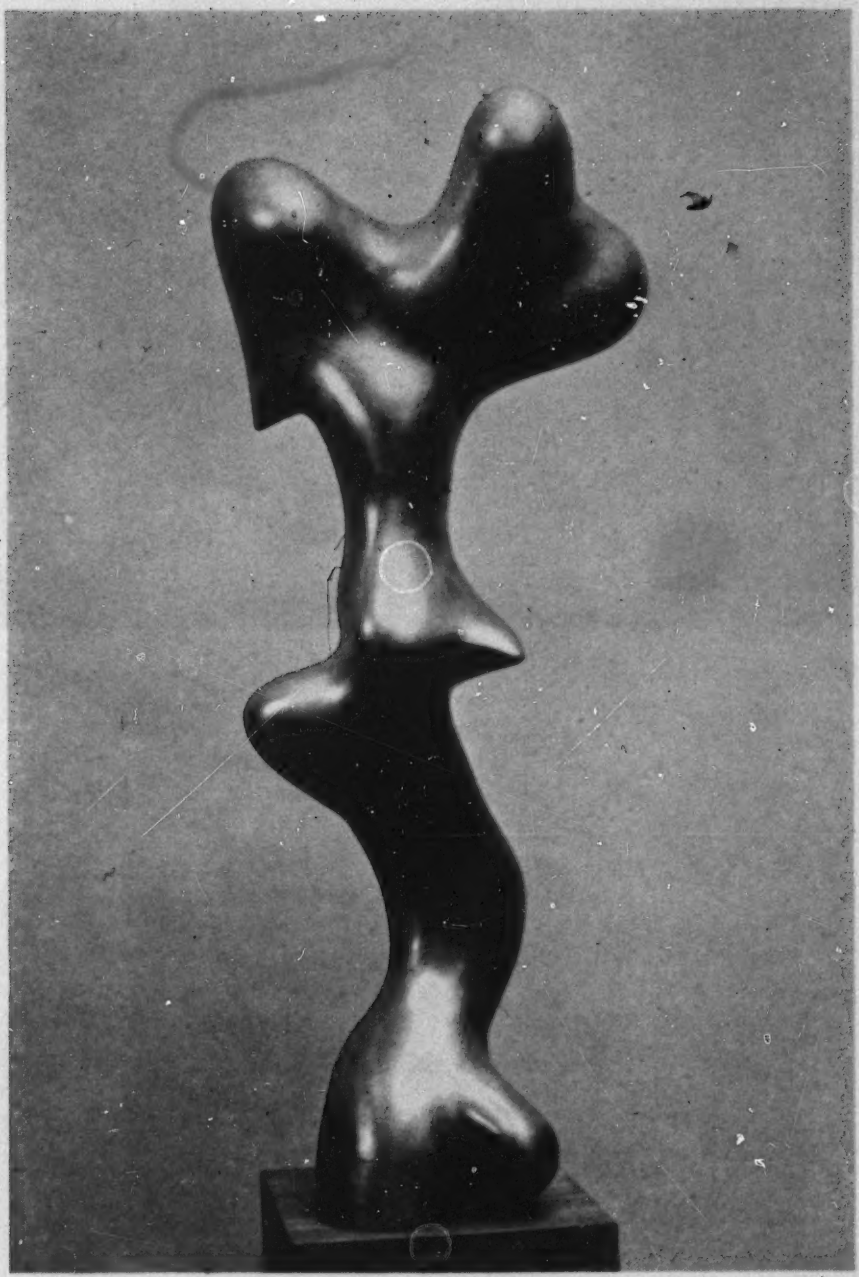

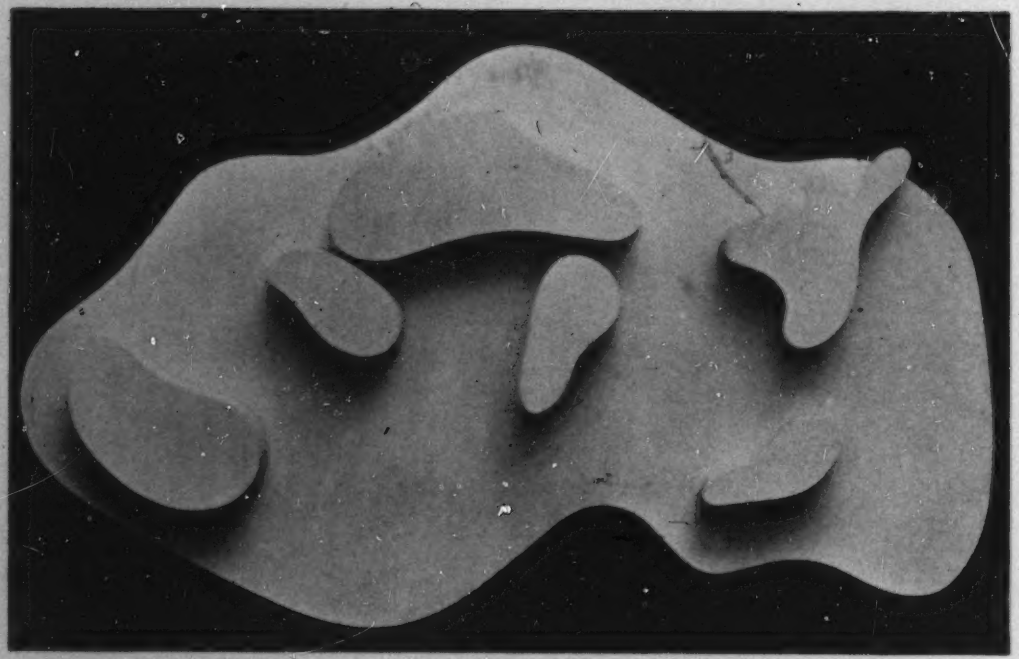



# CATALOGUE

[ 1 ] Silent Tension. 1932
Black granite. Height 8"

[ 2 ] Relief with Yellow Ends. 1932
Wood (colored).
H. 25½ x 29¾"

[ 3 ] Human Concretion. 1934
White Marble. H. 13½"

[ 4 ] Bad Fruit. 1936
Stone. 14½"

[ 5 ] Shell. 1938
Black granite. H. 10"
Lent by Miss Lois Orswell

[ 6 ] Shell (I). 1938
Polished bronze. H. 10"

[ 7 ] Shell (II). 1938
Polished bronze. H. 4¾"

[ 8 ] Dream of the Owl. 1938

Marble. H. 15½"

[ 9 ] *Fruit preadamique.* 1938

Bronze. H. 11¼"
Lent by the Museum of Art, University of Michigan

[ 32 ]

[10] Growth. 1938

Bronze. H. 31½"

[11] Leaf of the Pyramids. 1939

Black granite. H. 9½"

[12] Star. 1939

Bronze. H. 8¼"

[13] Mediterranean Sculpture I. 1941

White Marble. H. 15"

[14] Mediterranean Sculpture II. 1942

White Marble. H. 14¾"

[15] Silent. 1942

White Marble. H. 13½"
Lent by
Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III

[16] Little Sphynx. 1942

Bronze. H. 15½"

[17] Concrete Sculpture. 1942

White Marble. H. 13¾"

[18] Mediterranean Group. 1942

Bronze. H. 10"

[19] Silent Sculpture. 1942

White Marble. H. 12"
Lent by Edgar Kaufman, Jr.

[20] Superimposed Leaves. 1943
Wood. H. 12¼"

[21] Ears and a Little Tail. 1943
Wood. 14¼" x 8½"

[22] *Fruit d'une pierre noire*. 1946
Lent by Mrs. Meric Callery

JEAN ARP
*Photograph Rolf Tietjen*

[23] Chimerical Fount. 1947
Bronze. H. 31"

[24] *Pain de Serpent*. 1947
Black granite. H. 5½"

[25] Crown of Buds. 1947
Bronze. H. 18½"
Lent by
Mrs. Samuel M. Kootz

[26] Dream of an Animal. 1947
Bronze. H. 15½"
Lent by
Mrs. Samuel M. Kootz

[27] Spring Forms Placed According to the Laws of Chance. 1948
Wood. 22¼ x 13"

[28-45]
Collages

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